CHEAP REPOSITORY.

TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG,

IN A

Dialogue between DICK *and* JOHN.

Sold by J. MARSHALL,

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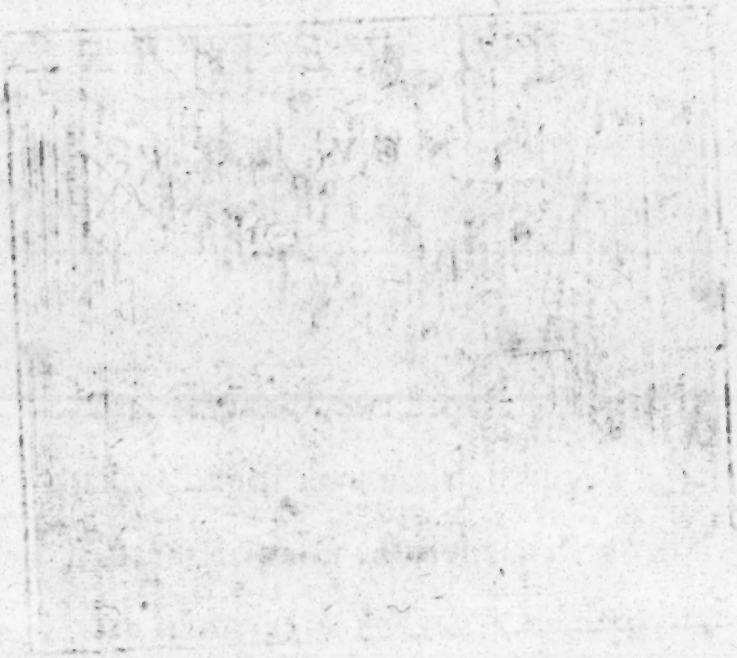

TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG.

I.

AS at their work two Weavers ſat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver ſcarce could eat.

II.

What with my brats and ſickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I'm almoſt tir'd of life;
So hard my work, ſo poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

III.

How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great
Heaven is unjuſt you muſt agree,
Why all to him, why none to me?

IV.

In ſpite of what the Scripture teaches,
In ſpite of all the Parſon preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought ſo long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

V.

Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and ſtrange;
The good are troubled and oppreſs'd,
And all the wicked are the bleſs'd.

VI.

Quoth John, our ign'rance is the cauſe
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can ſee below.

VII.

See'ſt thou that Carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, haſt well begun?
Behold the wild confuſion there,
So rude the maſs it makes one ſtare!

VIII.

A ſtranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Wou'd ſay, no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy Carpet now is all diſorder.

IX.

Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
But ſtill in every part it fits;
Beſides, you reaſon like a lout,
Why, man, that *Carpet's inſide out.*

X.

Says John, thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inſide out.

XI.

As when we view theſe ſhreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working ſtill ſome ſcheme of God.

XII.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor ſee the beauteous upper ſide.

XIII.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view theſe works of God aright;
Then ſhall we ſee the whole deſign,
And own the workman is divine.

XIV.

What now ſeem random ſtrokes, will there
All order and deſign appear;
Then ſhall we praiſe what here we ſpurn'd,
For then the *Carpet ſhall be turn'd.*

XV.

Thou'rt right, quoth Dick, no more I'll grumble,
That this ſad world's ſo ſtrange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet ſets me right.

Z.

THE END.

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